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ERA OF MEMORY



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**Era of Memory
Literary Magazine (series)**

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**Liberty Union High School
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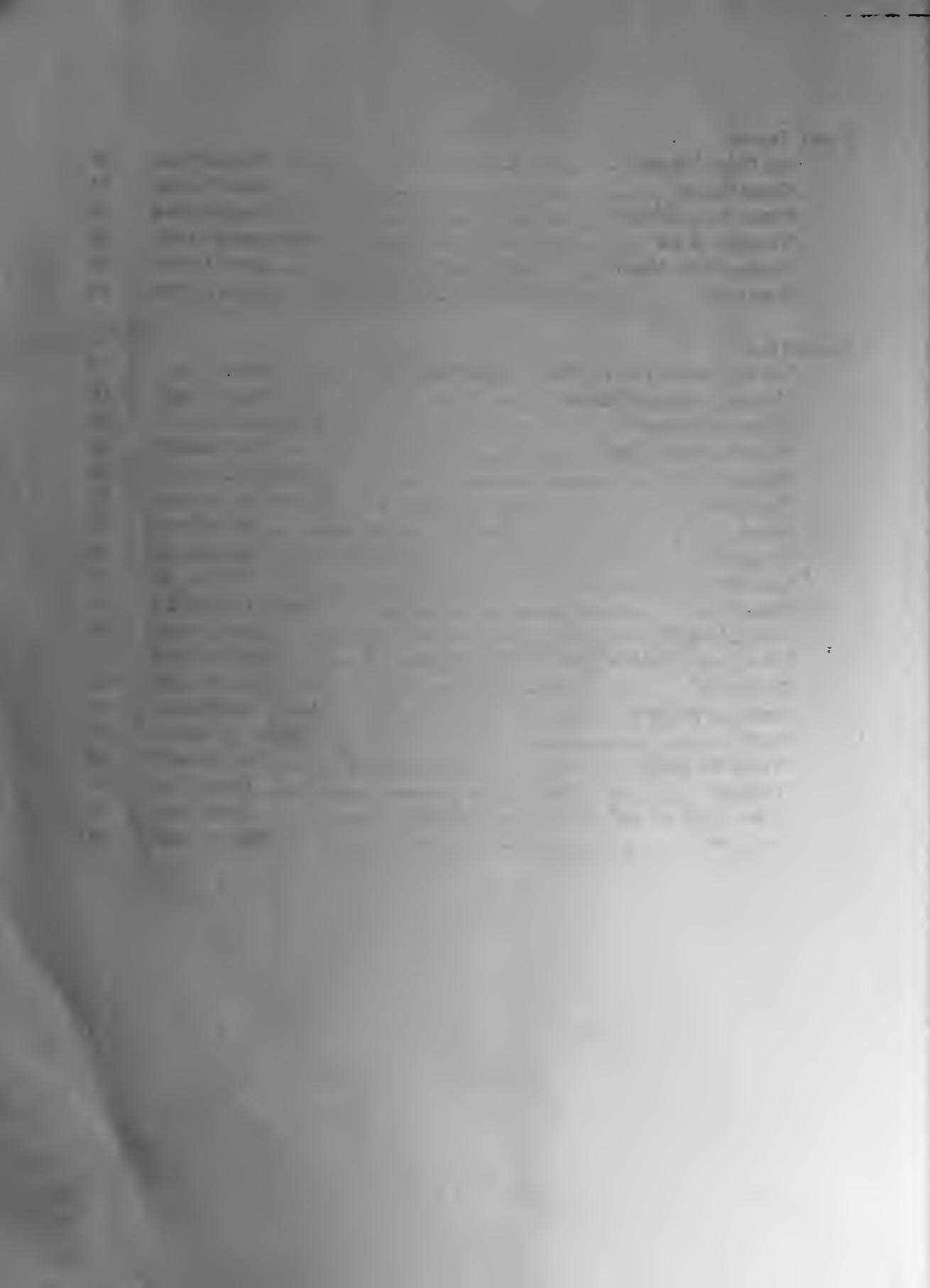
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Songs of Twilight





Tales of Twilight
like crumpled tears
all separate, yet, one.

Songs of Sadness,
'the ones we all must sing...

Come together,
let us share our trials,
our Songs of Twilight.

BORDERLINE

BY

ANASTASIA MIKULICH

The lights have all faded away;
The dark of my room
is now
Complete...

And, so
Infinite...

I desperately search about the room
for an anchor,
To keep my mind from slipping into space.
Something...

In an overlooked corner,
my alarm clock pulsates a faint red light,
barely able to filter through the thick night.

Unset.
An anchor? Or, rather, a sail?

CIVILIZATION

BY

GEORGE AGUILAR

Shattered hopes and dreams.

Destruction everywhere.

People need help bad.

The world can surely look sad.

It's our civilization.

A PLACE FOR ME

BY

NIKI CAMPBELL

Once I had a dream,

I thought it to be,

to me it seemed, I look all around,

but my home was nowhere to be found.

I yelled and screamed, someone help me please!

Where is that place for me?

Can you help me sir, I cannot find my way

it seems I've gone astray, I didn't mean to wander away.

" I'm sorry child," was what he said "maybe your place

isn't far ahead."

So I ran and ran, Oh a place I see.

Could this be a place for me?

SILENT FORGIVENESS

BY

RYAN DUNCAN

Deafening roars of laughter.
Powerful sobs of despair.
Only memories now.
Where have they all gone?

Snow falls
Encasing her in a block of ice.
She doesn't scream,
Only bows her head in resignation.

Her pale flesh - cold as her,
Impenetrable as her eyes.
Her outer shell
Protects her weary soul,

From enemies eager to see her blood
To friends eager to see her tears.
Never her intention
To isolate herself.

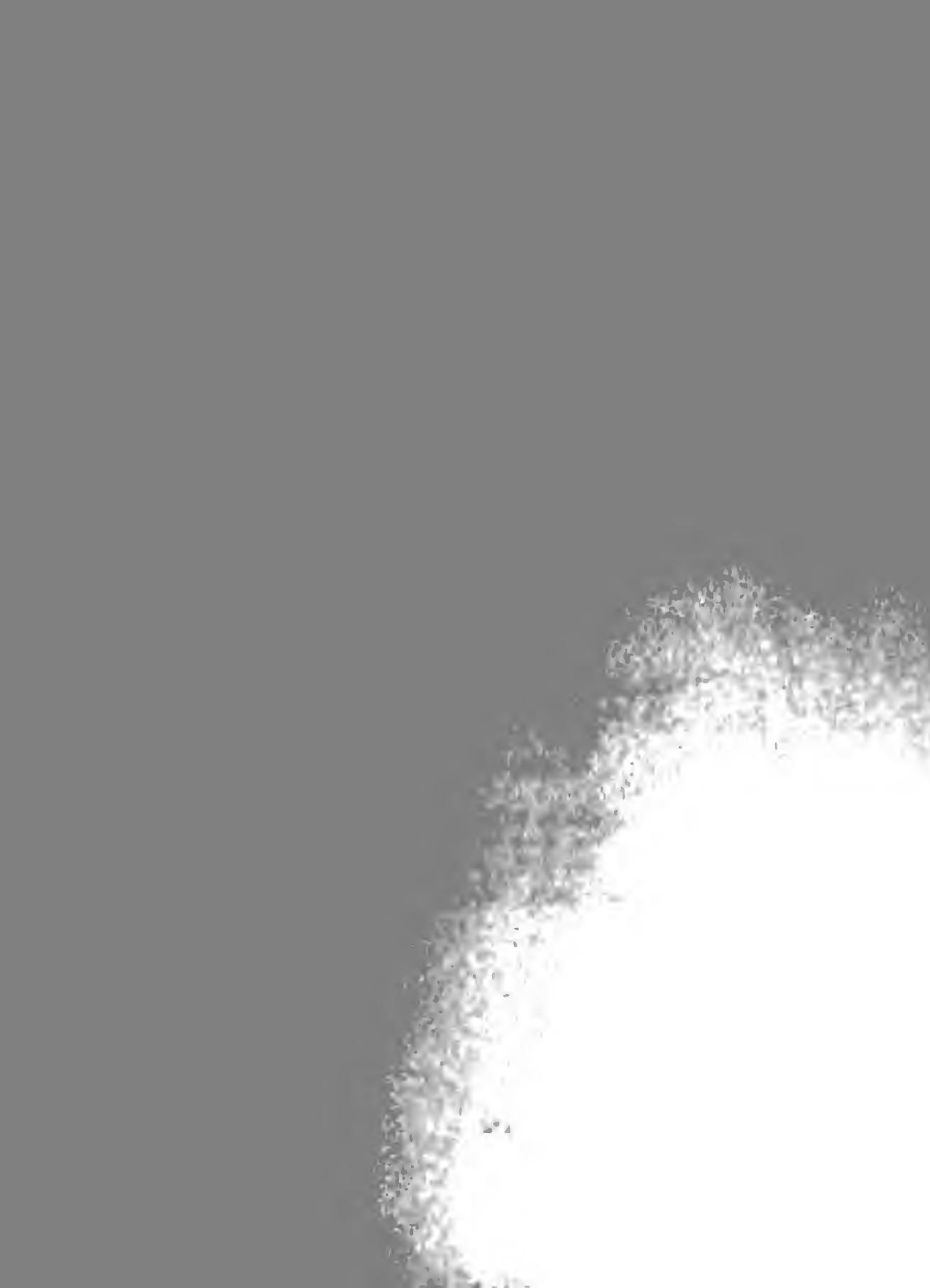
Alone in a field of snow.
"I'm sorry for the pain
I've inflicted on you."
Hollow echoes return - unheard.

SIRENS

BY

RYAN DUNCAN

Sea beckons to sailors
With her watery fingers.
Men dive to their deaths.



THE UNNAMED

BY

ANASTASIA MIKULICH

I circle the unnamed
as she blindly
extends her palms towards me.

Wary, I stalk her like a cat.

I watch as she lifts her face
to the overhead darkness.

What does she see?

Her passive agony fascinates me,
As well as her alien tears.

I stand indecisive, then look upward
as well.

(*Untitled*)

BY

ANASTASIA MIKULICH

I
This cold breeze drives like slaves the icy air into me on a lonely night.
I look across the dark waves, silent and deadly, reflecting all light.
The river prefers to wind serpentine with black coils
That shine with distant terror, enchanting, binding.
Infinite years of travel and toil,
and ceaseless winding.

It has held me like this before, paralyzing me with its forbidden beauty.
Medusa must have looked so to those who braved her face before they died.

II
Cold and serpentine, I can see the ripples as black scales,
And every reflection an omnipotent, all-knowing eye gleaming through the night.
I add to the coils: my tears, my songs, to a cause, rich in tales,
Assimilated into the enormous mass of unchallenged might,
as if they had never existed.
And I would wonder myself if it had truly occurred,
If my face was not wet, and eyes not misted.

*Is this how I will end
A poignant, brief, life?
And when I depart, will I leave some wondering
If they had dreamed my existance?
I want to run, to scream: that I live, that I count,
That I am not just a mass of living tissue to add to the collective!*

III
The future is locked, and held beyond me.
The river rules within my mind, as it does on land.

What treasures (memories?) I can only guess that lie within, beneath.
Whose tears pass beside the place I stand?
How many have donated their emotions, as I have,
Only to have them lost in the Serpent's possession?
I would that I could leave my trail proof of my existence...
An eternally white section
Streaking untouched through the coils' resistance.



Tales of the Heart



Hand in hand



THE BEAUTIFUL

BY

AARON HUDDLESTON

I gazed upon her beauty

And it touched me,

Like a warm, tropical evening breeze.

I long for her.

She alone possesses my love.

That love that tastes as sweet as candy

And smells like the beauty of a rose.

If only she were still mine.

She is full of style and grace.

I hear her motion like a symphonic rock band,

Which is both

Sophisticated and enjoyable.

THE POLITICAL HISTORY

of the First World War, 1914-1918 (London, 1923).

199. *John Maynard Keynes*, *Postscript to History* (London, 1925).

200. *John Maynard Keynes*, *Postscript to History* (London, 1925).

201. *John Maynard Keynes*, *Postscript to History* (London, 1925).

202. *John Maynard Keynes*, *Postscript to History* (London, 1925).

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214. *John Maynard Keynes*, *Postscript to History* (London, 1925).

215. *John Maynard Keynes*, *Postscript to History* (London, 1925).

BURNING SORROW

BY

RYAN DUNCAN

I'm going too deep
Into the valcano.
If I'm not careful,
I'll burn.

I cannot get too close,
As I travel through
The empty halls
Of her mind.

She has let me in,
But can I stand it,
The truth of her pain
I know lies within?

Shall I be forever prisoner
To her and her suffering?
Locked in the chamber,
To eternally know her secrets.

I cannot get too close,
For if I do, her secrets
Shall destroy me,
Making me a slave to her tears.

WILHELM HÜHN

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WILHELM HÜHN

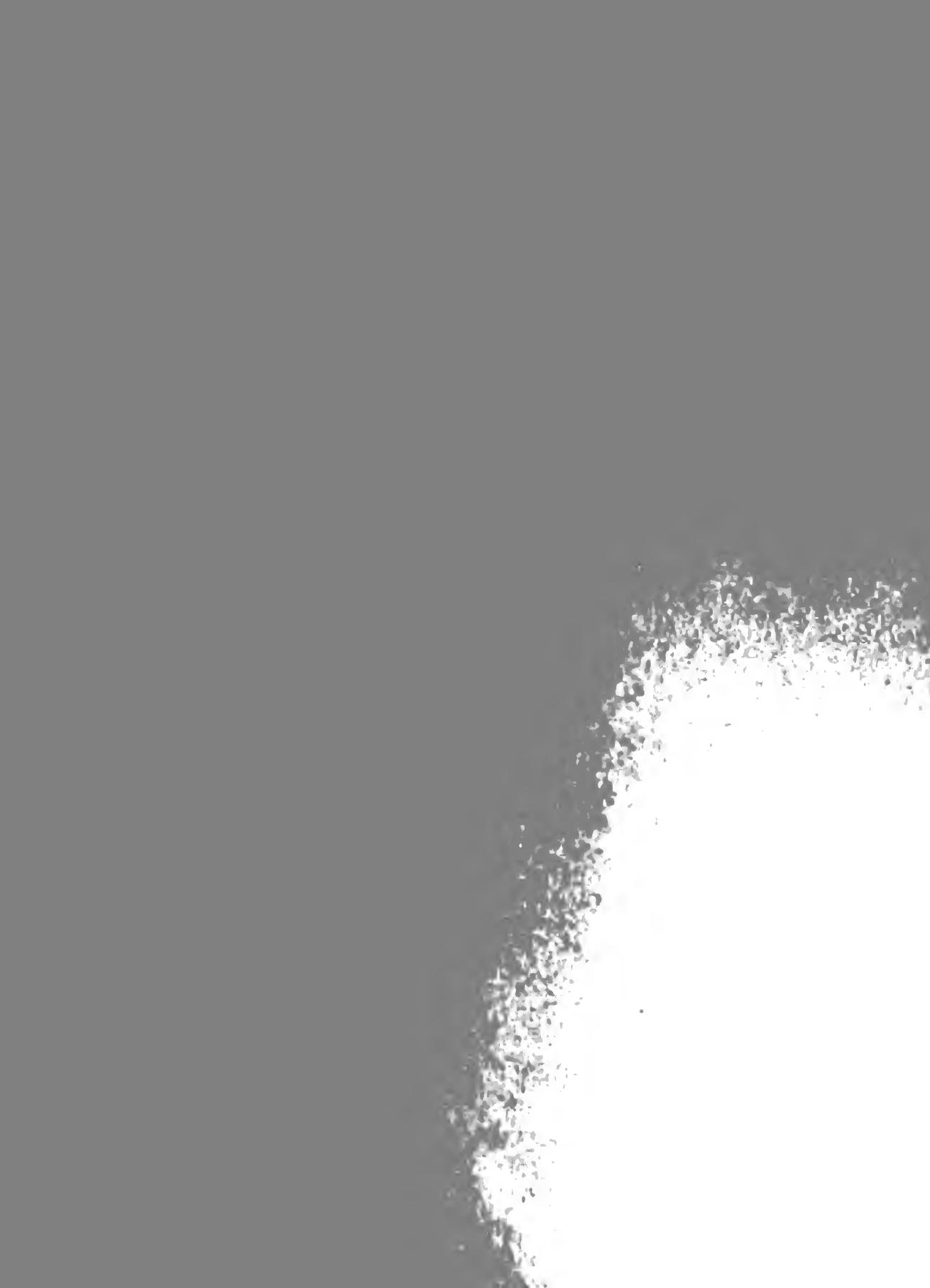
WILHELM HÜHN
1874-1950
1874-1950
1874-1950
1874-1950

CLOSE TO ME

BY

KRISTIE CALMA

I drift away into the night
Never knowing what is right.
Confusing thoughts enter my mind.
I wish we had more time.
I will keep you so close to me.
I wish I could see how you want to be.
You really mean a lot.
I feel so caught.
We want something different, so it seems.
You'll always be in my dreams.
I want to give you so much.
I want to feel your touch.



IN LOVE

BY

TIM GUERRA

I struggle without you.

I can't be free,

Needing you here.

I want you with me.

I need you now.

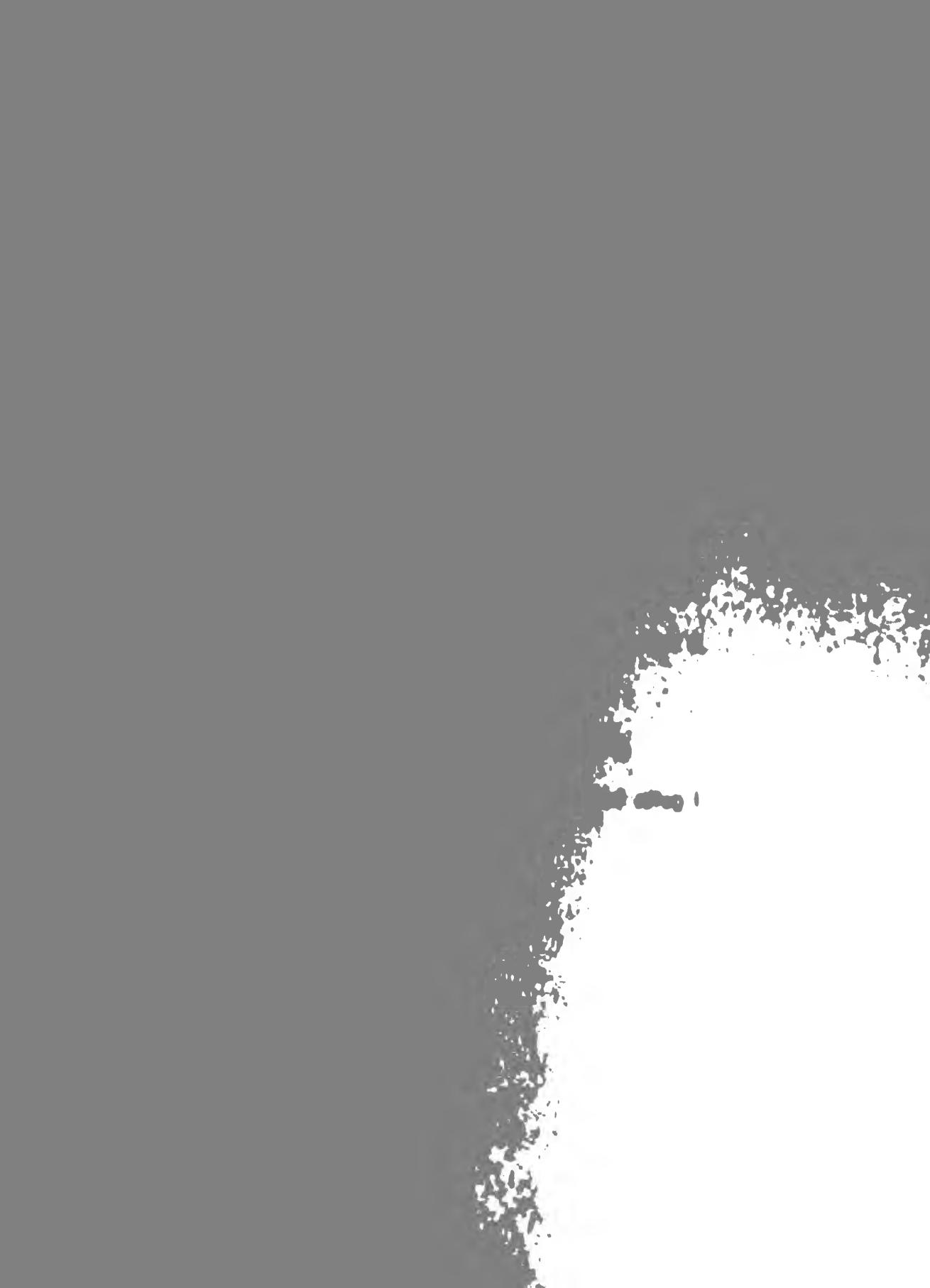
I gotta find you, and I dont know how.

It was so special, the time we shared.

I love you so so much

And I thought you cared.

I gotta find you, and I don't know how.



LET'S COME TOGETHER

BY

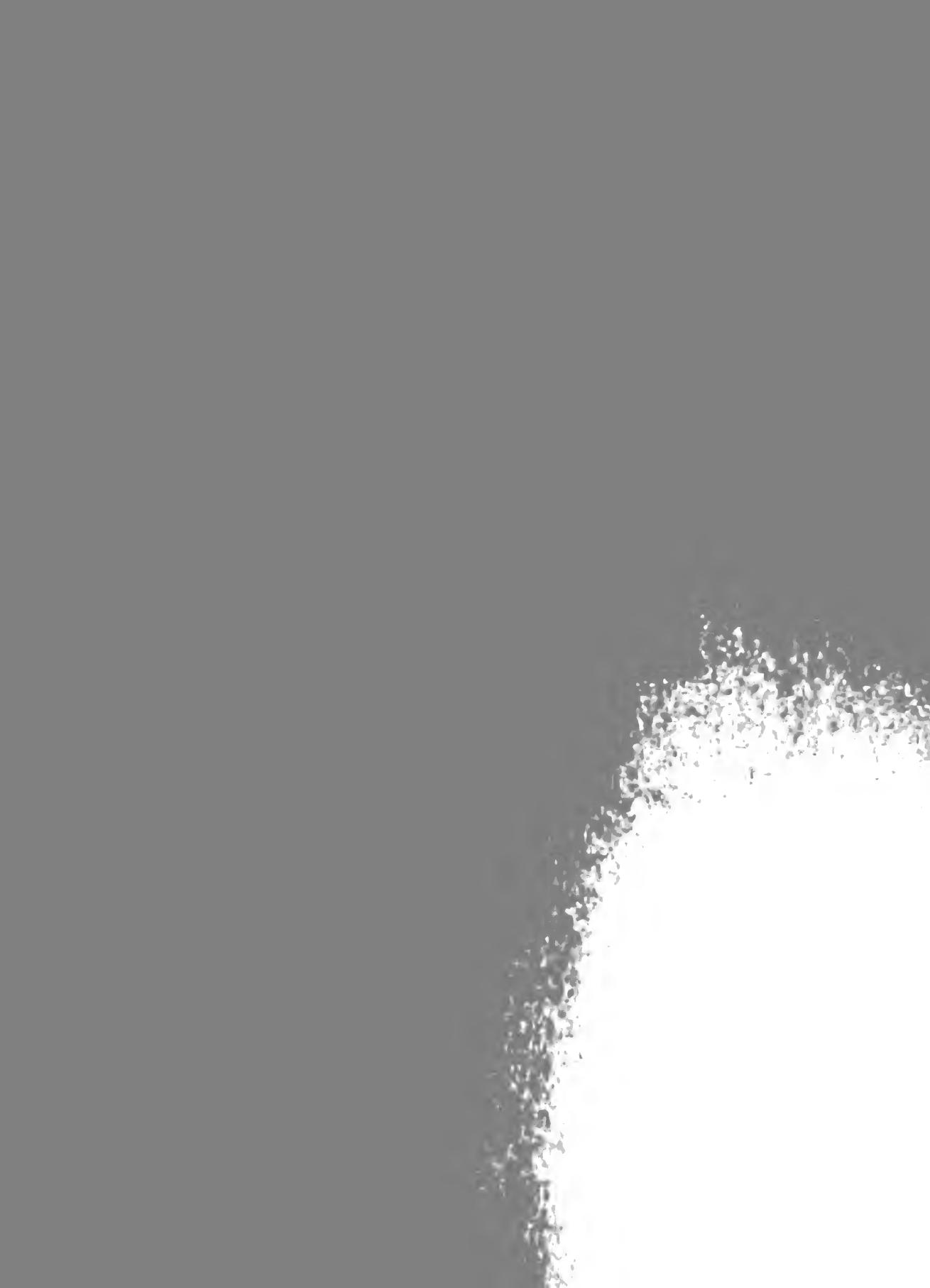
KRISTIE CALMA

Some of us don't even care.
Let's make ourselves aware.
There's got to be a way
To come together today.

What is the world coming to?
Where are the people we thought we knew?
Show love to the people around.
Don't lose the only joy you've found.

Nothing in life is fair.
Why can't we all share?
There's always something to be given out
To those who cry, and shout.

Look to the stars shining brightly above.
Give your heart a shove.
Keep in mind those in need.
Come and plant your seed.



LETTING GO

BY

KRISTIE CALMA

Nothing in the world
Can take us back to where we used to be.
I've found a way to let go.
I no longer need you here with me.

I've drifted away,
To another place.
Reaching out in the distance
I see another face.

Now you're just a memory
Burning in my mind.
It's time we changed our lives,
For it's him I must find.



LOVE SEES NO COLOR

BY

LISA O'DEA

Love sees no color, or so they sometimes say,
But does anyone believe that in this world today?
When someone is black and the other is white,
Suddenly it's wrong, even though love is right.
People will laugh and put them down,
But isn't that what makes the world go round?

MY SPECIAL LADY

BY

JORGE VEGA

The hurting look in your eyes announced your fear to my heart. Something inside told me you needed a friend, and I felt special enough to try. You excepted my friendship along with many others. But I felt I would someday want to become more than friends with you, for we found out we had very few differences and many things in common. I knew at the time that you were special.

You were the one I looked for. But my heart told me to wait for you, so I did. And I am glad I waited for every rough spot smoothed out like the sun slowly disappears into the night like every evening.

You have taught me not to be afraid to confess my feelings. And you have learned to have hope and be strong.

We share laughs, problems, headaches but most importantly feelings. The sweet looking smile of your lips brightens up my day. Every time life seems to be unfair,

I think of the jokes we have shared together and laugh clumsily. As I wonder what you are doing at the time, I write poems every day, but none of them seem to be special enough to give it to you, for I feel you deserve the best. I will always respect your thoughts and feelings just like I always try my best at whatever I do. I guess what I'm trying to say is that I hope the thought of me makes you smile, for you will always be my musical lady.

WALKING AWAY

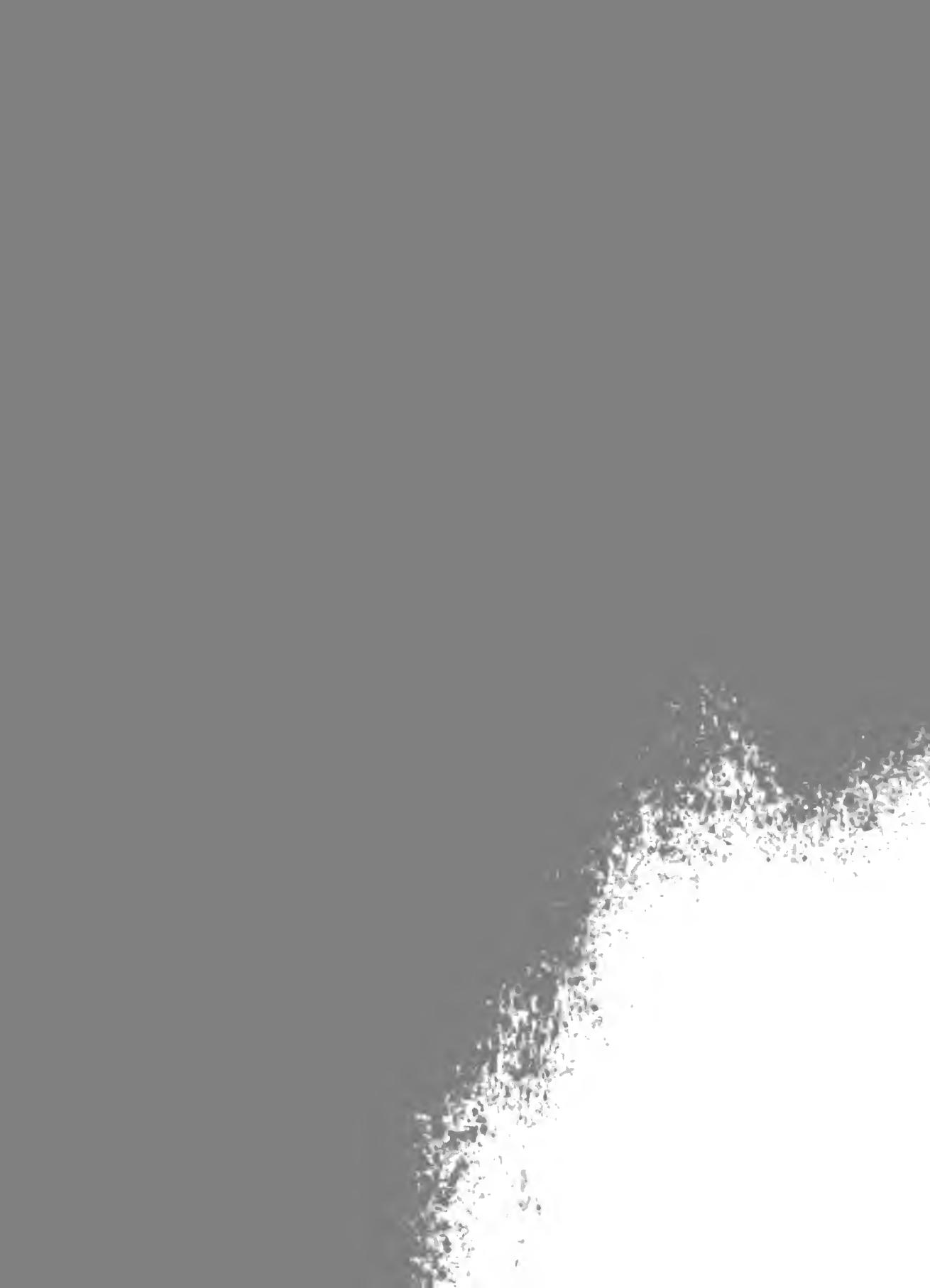
BY

RICK SWINDELL

Walking away from you,
And I'm never looking back-
Taking the memories too,
And throwing them in a sack.

Headed for another light
Gonna' find me a new place.
Don't want to put up a fight.
Tired of the same old face.

So when you think of me, don't,
Cause' life without you is great,
And thinking of you, I won't.
You were just another date.



The Trail of Time



THE CHANGES OF LIFE

BY

BONNIE SCOTT

A baby who takes his first step
Becomes an adult who has just taken his first fall.
Time travels so fast it seems
For what was there yesterday
Shall not be here today.

As life's journey takes you places
Where you've never been
There are paths untaken
And paths set aside for you
Shall you follow the leader?

CONCERN

BY

HEIDI MEINECKE

To whom it may concern,
To whom that may reply.
Ours is not to wonder,
 Ours is just to die.
To whom it may concern,
To whom in which I confide.
We weren't made to lead,
 Just to run and hide.
To whom it may concern,
To whose laws I abide,
 I am still young,
Yet I take life in a stride.
To whom it may concern,
To whomever starts this race,
 You can read my words,
 Yet never read my face.
To whom it may concern,
 To whomever you are.
 If you understand me,
You definitely will go far.
To whom it may concern,
 To you, that special one.
Our lives are just beginning,
Yet our time is almost done.

HARDAWAY

BY

MIKE COLLINS

Michael was a good boy. He went to Catholic school 8 years, had a loving family, loved to play basketball; all the things little boys liked to do. But there was one thing; Michael's family had alcoholism in it. His dad, his grandfather, his grandfather's father, the list went on. When Michael was a little boy, he was very shy, and to himself. He was like this because he didn't really have a father figure. His dad worked long hours, and then came home and drank and used drugs. His dad would act very violent, and say things like: "stay outta my face! ", or " If anyone bothers me they will pay! " This made Michael very afraid of his dad. As time went on, his dad realized he had a serious problem, and decided to get help. He had Michael's support, and the rest of the family. Michael promised himself that he would never get mixed up in drugs and alcohol, but it didn't turn out that way.

On New Years Eve, he forgot about the promise he made to never drink or do drugs, and he smoked weed and got drunk for the first time. For once, he found a way, he thought, to deal with stress, problems, and his feelings. He went to a Friday Night Live dance, drunk and high, and danced the night away. When he finally came back home, he hooked up with some friends and started to drink and do drugs a lot. This affected his school life and his already shaky home life. As time passed on, things got worse and worse, especially his relationship with his family. Finally he wanted to stop. He went to his dad for help. His dad being a drug and alcohol counselor, talked to him and he stopped. He stayed clean for about 1 month. Everything seemed to be back on the right track, but all of a sudden he got in a fight with his girlfriend and started using again. His parents admitted him to an in-patient rehab. He stayed there for 45 days, and when he got out, he had a new approach on life. He has been clean now for 7 months and is on his way to teaching and counseling others.

LADY LUCK

BY

RYAN DUNCAN

It was the eve of the Repertory Theater's Opening Night. As the throng of people entered the old, rickety theater, the actors were busy putting on their costumes.

"Romeo, Romeo, where art thou Romeo?", the young blond called as she pulled up her panty hose.

"Still haven't memorized your lines?", the haughty gentleman asked, even though he already knew the answer.

"Dan, you know full well that I haven't memorized my lines. Stop teasing me!" She threw her shoe at him and hit him squarely between the eyes. Dan sheepishly departed, humiliated.

The play was as doomed as the theater. Although Romeo was convincing, Juliet was just not believable. Her Bostonian accent couldn't be hidden. She was a two-bit actress who could never hope to escape from the dump of this run-down theater.

It was nearly the next morning when the beautiful but not so graceful lady left her dressing room. She stumbled down the alley, as if drunk, but she hadn't touched liquor all night.

The local newspaper gave Romeo and Juliet a horrible review. As was expected, the next evening only three people arrived to see the show.

Overtaken by self-pity she refused to perform.

"I will not waste my time for three ungrateful losers such as these," she screamed as she flung open the curtain.

But the director, a stately man speaking impeccable English, convinced her to go on.

"If you do not perform tonight you need not bother with coming back! You will never perform in this city again. We are the only ones who will hire you because you are worthless. If you must continue butchering the art of acting we are the only theater desperate enough for your services."

She sulked about for a few more minutes, but she finally decided to preserve her dignity. She would perform, and she would prove her skills as an acclaimed actress.

Out in the audience was a very attractive movie agent. He came all the way from Hollywood in search of talent, and he was sorely disappointed with this rendition of Romeo and Juliet. That poor guy playing Romeo was much too old and even though Juliet had a huge set of... she was still a terrible actress. He practically cringed whenever she uttered a word.

When the performance was done, he badly wanted to return to his hotel to get out of this miserable hell hole. But the actress, visibly distraught went into a rage when she killed herself. The audience got up to leave with out as much as a smile. They hated the show and made a point of showing their anger. Empty candy wrappers were tossed up on stage, as well as a black rose.

In frustration she shouted at us as we shuffled out. She jumped off the stage and darted after the agent. She had gone insanel She grabbed his jacket and spun him around. Fire was in her eyes as she raised the fake knife to strike at him, but she dropped it and began to cry.

Being a young man far from home, he was in a desperate need for a companion. In a split second he decided to comfort her, in hopes of sweeping her off to his hotel. The rest of the night was a blur for them both. They went to a bar and got drunk. When they both woke up, they were in his hotel room.

She woke up before he did and saw him sleeping there. But she was enraged when she saw a ring on his finger. She found his pants and rifled through the contents of the man's wallet with practiced skill.

Room service had brought up a feast fit for kings, with his credit card paying, of course. When he finally woke up, she threatened to call his wife and tell her everything. He folded under her brilliant blackmail scheme.

The next morning they headed out to Hollywood where she was on her way to a successful acting career. If you want to succeed in life use all the tools God gave you, and take advantage of the situation.

LONG STORY

BY

RYAN O'KEEFE

Crisp, clear beautiful, the sky around me. At twelve thousand feet the air is so thin you must breath pure oxygen. My co-pilot, my father and I, were on our way to Reno Cannon International Airport. Our twin engine 1978 Beachcraft Dutchess droned on through the crystal clear air.

I sat back in my seat and took in the rolling scenery and snow capped mountains. The steady hum of the engines was almost hypnotic. Scanning the instruments I noticed something odd. The right engine's oil pressure gauge was dropping towards zero. Before I had time to even survey the situation, the plane was seemingly grabbed by an invisible force as the engine seized and exploded. "What the....?" My dad's words were cut short as the plane veered right into a spin. The controls flailed around in my hands as I fought for control. Applying full left rudder, the spin stopped, and I eased the plane out of its dive. "The engine blew!" yelled my dad. I reached for the emergency checklist while nodding in agreement.

"Magnetas?" I called.

"Check, off," came the response.

"Mixture, cut off position."

"Check."

"Throttle?"

"Roger, cut."

"Emergency cut fuel cut off?"

"Closed."

"Put out a mayday." I told my dad. He acted immediately and called, "Reno Tower this is Dutchess one-seven-niner Alfa Romeo, mayday, mayday, mayday, we lost an engine."

"Roger nine Alfa Romeo your closest airport is twenty nautical miles to northwest." I hit the panel with disgust. My dad let out a sigh.

At the speed we were coming down, we both knew we would never make it. "Roger," Pat sighed reluctantly. We turned toward the airport and waited. We tried to keep ourselves busy, so we wouldn't think about

crashing, but it didn't help. I couldn't help thinking about it though. What would a crash feel like? Will I die? What will that be like? I tried to block out those thoughts and fly the plane.

At about three thousand feet above the ground, Pat pointed out a clearing to my left. I eased the plane into a tunnel and approached the clearing. Pat announced our intentions on the radio to land in the clearing, and began the off field landing checklist. "Gear up," he called.

"Check."

"Fuel cut off on both engines?"

"Cut." As I yanked on the handle, the left engine sputtered, then died.

"Propellers feathered?"

"Yeah."

"Flaps ten for approach full for landing."

"Roger."

I took a quick look at my dad. His face was ashen and he was obviously petrified. So was I. The trees were very close. I raised the nose a little trying to gain distance. As the edge of the clearing approached, our Dutchess floated right above the trees. A brushing noise caught my attention. We were literally flying on top of the trees! Then the clearing opened in front of us.

I dropped full flaps and descended into the field. Pat switched all the electrical equipment off, and we tightened our shoulder straps. Floating above the ground, I yanked back on the control wheel, raising the nose. As the stall warning horn blared out, the tail hit the ground first, slamming the rest of the plane downward.

Pain shot through my body. I pushed the control wheel full forward to keep the nose on the ground. Dust and dirt flew everywhere. The screeching sound of metal tearing apart filled the cockpit. A large ripping bang filled my ears, and I was sprayed with fuel. The plane jolted down sharply as it slammed to a stop. I crawled out in a weird daze, then fell to the ground and passed out. When I came to, I was cold and in pain.

I stood up and looked around. We landed in a large field that looked like a clear cut. The plane was totaled. It was sitting nose down in an irrigation ditch. The left wing was completely ripped off, the tail was bent, there were dents throughout the fuselage, the nose was crushed into the ground. All but the left passenger side window was shattered. I stood

in awe, pieces of my favorite plane were scattered everywhere.

There was a light breeze blowing in the field. I felt the cold wall because I was soaked in fuel. I felt a piece of paper blow against my leg. I looked down and saw that it was my Reno approach chart. In big bold letters it said, "AIRCRAFT BEYOND 8-10 MILES, BELOW 12000, MAY NOT BE HEARD BY TOWER DUE TO TERRAIN." My heart sank at the thought of no one hearing us go down. A tense burning sensation was piercing through my body because of the fuel. I started to walk back to the plane. As soon as I put weight on my right foot, a tense pain shot through it and traveled up my leg. I yelled. I dropped to the ground.

As the pain subsided, I tried getting back up. I limped back to the plane. The tail was a good fifteen feet in the air. The cockpit and nose were down ten feet in the ditch. I hobbled over to the side of the ditch and looked down. There was a large puddle of fuel at the bottom. I slid down the hill on my back. The fuel was leaking from the right wing. I opened the passenger door and climbed in. The plane creaked and slid two feet. I couldn't remember what I was looking for, or why I came down there. My mind was hazy, but I knew when I found it I would know what it was.

I climbed over the passenger seat just behind the cockpit and sat down in my seat. I was amazed that I got out of the plane. My whole foot space was crushed closed. I grabbed my pen and paper pad. I wrote down the time of impact and our position. The plane's clock stopped at ten o'clock AM. My watch said ten thirty. As I was looking around the cockpit, it dawned on me that the thing I was looking for was right next to me. I snatched it up and remembered that it was a portable radio. I was about to turn it on when a little voice inside my head said, "Save its battery and use the plane's radio." Good idea, but that could cause a spark. With all this fuel and me being soaked, I'd probably blow myself up. I hooked the radio on my belt, and pushed myself over the seat. I tried to catch myself, but I lost my grip and hit my head on the floor board. A small shot of pain pulsed through my head and the world disappeared.

When I woke up from my short blackout, I instantly remembered everything. When I started out of the plane, my foot got caught on the doorway. I tripped and fell into the fuel at the bottom of the ditch with a large splash. I got up muddy and soaked. I took a few steps up the hill and had to stop. The pain in my foot was intense. My foot felt like it would

explode any second. It was swollen and throbbing. I almost took my shoe off but realized I'd never be able to get it back on again. I threw my hand up the ditch, and struggled to pull myself up the hill.

When I reached the top of the hill, I rolled onto my back. After being in the plane and smelling the gas, the cool air stung my lungs. A small pain in my side was growing larger. I reached to hold it, and it felt sticky. When I brought my hand back to my face, it was covered in deep, red blood. I quickly took my sweatshirt off and wrapped it around my waist.

Struggling to get up, a small pop in my foot sent me hurling to the ground in extreme pain. While lay there, something abruptly came to me. Pat wasn't in the plane.

I threw myself to my feet, and screamed loudly when the pain came. I yelled his name, there was no reply. I yelled again, nothing. Only the rustle of leaves and the sting of the air. I began to hobble in every place I could, looking for him. The pain came with every step. Among a clump of dead bushes and wild flowers, I caught a glimpse of a white t-shirt. Despite my body's painful protest, I started to run. My determination to get to the clump of weeds blocked out my pain. When I reached him, I dropped to my knees. He was pure white. His body was twisted like a rag doll with most of his extremities broken, some missing. His eyes were dialated and wide open. They told of a horrifying experience that burned deep in my brain. His mouth opened and closed, but no words emerged while, at the same time struggling for air. He then reached up and shook my hand weakly. A gurgling sound arose from his throat, and he slowly let out his last breath. As he died, his hand left mine and returned to his side as a thumbs up. I took a handkerchief and wiped the blood from his nose and mouth. I took a long last look at my father then closed his eyes with my hand. When it was over, I cried.

I stayed with him for the next hour with the question, why? The best answer I could come up with was if I didn't want to die too, then I need to do something about it. I stood up and walked back to the plane. The pain was so intense, I finally fell to the ground. I couldn't move for at least an hour or so. I rolled over and started crawling toward the plane. I reached the tail and started to look for the radio I'd dropped. I found a book of matches and kept them, figuring I'd be here awhile. Our flare gun was down the ditch a little, I reached down with great effort and dragged it

back up the hill. I continued to crawl along the trench. The radio was about five feet in front of me. I started to crawl faster.

When I reached the radio, I pounced on it and eagerly turned it on. I switched it to Reno Tower on 1187.7. "Reno Tower, Reno Tower...Dutches 179 AIFA Romeo...we have crashed about...10 nautical miles south/southwest of South Lake Tahoe, over."

There was no reply. I dropped the radio, knowing we were too low. I didn't know what to do next. So I just knelt there. Then in a flash of hope, I switched to South Lake Tahoe's Tower. I hoped that since I was closer, maybe they could hear me better. I switched to their frequency and radioed them. "Tahoe Tower, Tahoe Tower...Dutches 179 ALFA Romeo. We have crashed 10 nautical miles south/southwest of Tahoe Airport, over." No reply. Right after my transmission a twin Cessna called South Lake Tahoe and reported he was 10 to the south. If I could hear him, maybe he could hear me. "Cessna calling Tahoe Tower. How do you read? Over."

"Loud and clear. Who's calling please?"

"Dutches 179 Alfa Romeo. We've crashed in a clearing 10 miles south of Tahoe Airport. Request assistance."

"Roger 1798. I'll look for you."

"Thank you 179."

The plane then called Tahoe Tower and told them of my distress call and that he was going to look. My spirits were immediately lifted. I knew it wouldn't be long now. An hour passed by, and I heard the Cessna call and say he didn't see me and was heading home low on fuel. Once again I became depressed. The day was turning dark, and it would be night soon. For all I knew, I would freeze to death if I didn't make some sort of heat source. I took the book of matches out of my pocket. I thought about lighting the fuel in the pit. But since I was covered in fuel, I would probably burn too. While I was thinking about burning, a thought entered my brain, our logbooks. With a lot of disapproval from my body, I rolled into the ditch and landed on a large piece of metal. I climbed into the place carefully and flopped over the passenger seat. I sat in the middle of the cockpit and started looking. I found my dad's and started looking for mine. I picked something up that I thought was a logbook. When I picked it up, I realized that it was my dad's foot. I threw it down and fell over the passenger seat, startled. I went back to the cockpit and found my logbook

by the throttles. I left the plane and slowly climbed back up the hill. I reached the top out of breath satisfied with myself for my accomplishments. It was dark now, and I fell asleep quickly.

I woke up a lot during the night. I was very cold. I was trying to keep warm when a sound scared me to death. It was the howl of a pack of wolves. I labored to get up and walk over to my dad. I really don't know how I did it, but I managed to drag him over to the plane. I knew it was him the wolves were after. I stayed awake listening to the howls getting closer and closer. In seventh grade, we read "White Fang" by Jack London. I remembered that wolves don't like fire. I started to build a barrier of brush and small twigs. Then I soaked them in fuel. I sat there waiting for them, praying the day would come soon.

It was horrible with nothing to do but wait to be devoured by merciless carnivores. My dad's twisted body was beside me while I waited. I picked up the radio and tried it. No one replied. The batteries were dead. "Damn!" I said to myself and continued my wait for death. My whole body tingled at the thought of being ripped apart by hunger driven teeth. They kept howling and coming closer. I was almost asleep when they came out of the forest and into the clearing. They were everywhere. There were so many it looked like a landslide. They came closer and closer, their eyes gleaming in the moonlight and teeth snarling. I took out my matches and tried to light one. It wouldn't. They came closer, the invisible death that was coming grew louder. The match lit, and I threw it on the sticks. They lit with a bright orange flame. The closing death stopped in their tracks. The ring of fire around me protected me for now.

The wolves circled around me, some slept. They were in no hurry. They would wait until the strange orange glow was gone, then eat. Through the night the wolves would try and come through the fire, then back off when their noses got charred. I kept refueling the fire with twigs and fuel. I tried to fight sleep but couldn't and fell asleep. I woke up with warm breath in my face. When I opened my eyes, I was staring down the muzzle of a jet black wolf. I reached for a burning stick. The wolf sank his teeth deep into my shoulder. I screamed and threw a burning stick at him. It hit him in the head and burned the side of his head. He instantly let go and ran away. I got up and saw another wolf charging right at me. I grabbed the flare gun and shot. It instantly set its whole head on fire. It died with its

head still burning. I looked around. All the rest of the wolves went back to the edge of the forest. I fell down and went back to sleep. Warm breath woke me up again. I jolted up and shot the flare gun in a panic. When I realized I'd just shot a rotweiller, I was confused. A man ran up to me and asked if I was okay. I rocked my head in disagreement. The man told me it was his field, and he saw us fly over last afternoon. He said he would take me back to his house and get help. I was so weak. I nodded in agreement and went to sleep.

THE ONE TIME

BY

MICHAEL COLLINS

He was 18 years old. A tall, blonde haired, lanky looking fellow, barely out of high school, and the tortures of life were thrust upon him. I continued to drill into his mind the possible ill effects of what could happen if he was caught. He must not have responded to his own conscience telling him the amount of sadness he was causing, or even his friends own warnings. However, he realized that the wrong decision was taken every time he touched the cold bars with his long arms. I warned him on several occasions not to keep stealing. If he only listened, he would be here today.

The same day the arrest took place, he was his usual self. He seemed to not have a care in the world as he walked blissfully from store to store. I knew exactly what he was going to do. Everytime we went to the store, he committed the crime. Everytime I warned him of the consequences, but he brushed them off like they weren't even there. I often wondered about the thoughts racing through his mind. I knew that stealing was somewhat of a drug in itself to him. He always told me that he lived off it, but I don't see how he could have. Everytime I was with him, I was worried that he got caught. However, he always seemed calm and prepared for any circumstance. In his mind, though, I could sense he was worried. For as long as I knew him, he was never like this, until recently when his parents started harping on him. There was no way for me to know exactly, but I could sense the end was near.

Indeed the end quickly came. He was caught and put in jail. Not only for petty theft, but for possession of drugs. When he was caught, the police had found a sheet of acid in his wallet. Later on, the police kicked up the charge to intent to sell, and it seemed hopeless to reverse the situation. For just merely trying to steal a pair of sunglasses, he now serves for a drug charge. I know in his mind he keeps repeating to himself the reason why he didn't listen to me or anyone else. The person that always felt he had control of the situation, now knows that life is uncontrollable. I always knew that he had taken drugs often, but I thought that wouldn't have been the drug that ended his life. I know he's not dead,

but what kind of life is it sitting in a jail cell? He must feel he'd rather be dead.

Hopefully this whole incident changed him for the better. I don't visit him in prison because I don't want to remind him of his mistakes. He is constantly reminding himself of his bad choice and is persecuting himself. I guess this was one time he wasn't in control.

THE PAST

BY

ESSICA CAMILLI

When I was younger, my mom went away,
Her body was there and her mind astray.
Three kids in the house, all of us dirty,
She sat there and watched an imaginary birdy.
All of the money my father had made,
It all disappeared, it just seem to fade.
What money we saved, was shot in her arm,
Before we could stop her, she had already done harm.
After our family had split apart,
There was pain in my mind and in my heart.
Everything she told me, the times she lied,
The words she spoke diminished my pride.
She tried to clean herself up, and make it all better,
It never worked, her mind wouldn't let her.
But now she is clean, her life is on track,
I can call her mom, and I want her back.
I have gone out to see her, and she looks really good,
Cheery and loving like a mother should.
She says she's content with us being friends,
But now that she's clean, we can make amends.

PLANE FLIGHT

BY

MICHAEL COLLINS

I knew that I should have left my office earlier. The traffic along the interstate was amazing. I've never seen so many Japanese cars in one place at one time.

"Hello ma'am," I said, "where is the gate for flight 230?"

"Straight down the hall," she said.

So with some spunk, I quickly ran out of the gate. The plane was just outside because the Rockland Airport was quite small. So as I entered the plane, all I saw were rows of seats. It almost looked like a maze. I quickly read my ticket to see my seat number, of course, it was at the end of the plane.

There was a young man sitting in the same row of seats as me. As I was getting comfortable, I couldn't help but notice that he was waving to a girl just outside the plane. She must have been his sister or girlfriend or something like that. The boy looked sad but almost filled with relief. It must have been his girlfriend because he looked glad to be away from her.

When the plane took off, an hour later, the young boy must have read about one hundred comics.. It seemed as though there was a factory within the bag he was carrying. We didn't speak at all, but I could tell he was nervous. Through all three courses of food, he didn't touch a thing. I understand that airplane food is pretty bad, but no food for five hours is pretty ridiculous.

After seemingly keeping my mind off my work, I could put things together and make an assumption that this boy was leaving his family. He didn't eat much, looked quite sad, and was carrying around some luggage. Being that this plane was on a destination with San Francisco, maybe that's where he was moving. Of course, what do I know, I'm just some stupid defense attorney.

I can hear machinery. The gears from the landing gear makes a noise like a soda machine. It's amazing that it actually can hold up when the plane lands. I can remember last time when I flew to San Francisco. When the plane landed, I thought it was going to crash. Last time also, I had a

big fat cigar smoking person sitting next to me. He kept placing cigar ashes all over my papers. It's nothing like this young man. He is full of self-control and at the same time looked naive and scared. The whole time during the flight he would never even leave his seat. It kind of reminds me of me when I was little. I was always quiet and very secretive. This young boy is almost a mirror image of my younger self.

When the plane landed, he seemed to be unaware of the fact that your ears pop. This must have been his first plane ride in his life. So maybe he was leaving his family to start a new life. When we were leaving the plane, the boy quickly grabbed his attire and left. Without any spoken words, I felt I knew that kid for years.

I had thirty minutes to get to the San Francisco Bank Board for an important meeting concerning the S and L's. With the FSLIC deadline tomorrow, for the accounting proceedings, we have to come to a conclusion on our findings. I am certainly in for a long night.

A STORY

BY

NIKI CAMPBELL

It was a stormy Monday, and I was standing out in the rain, waiting for my bus to come. Usually I would take a cab, but seeing that I just lost my job today, the bus would have to do, for now. While I stood at the bus stop a number 5 passed me by. "I didn't need that bus any way," I thought aloud. I turned to a lady that looked as if she was a foreigner in a strange country, and asked, "Has the number 15 passed while you were here?"

She responds by saying, "ehe?" 'Ehe?'

What does that mean? I guessed that she was definitely a foreigner, from Germany perhaps, or one of those countries, I wasn't sure. When I finally got my thoughts back on track, I turned to ask another question, but she was gone! The only thing left was her umbrella, which was almost about to fly away by the swift wind that had just began to pick up, blowing leaves and paper about when I noticed that something had flown to me and landed at my feet. It was a piece of paper or something. When I brought it closer to view I noticed that it was a picture of a woman, a woman who bore a striking resemblance to the foreign lady, spread out on the page like a naked jay bird.

My mind began to race. "What is this all about," I thought to myself.

I almost forgot where I was until I heard, "Sir are you coming or what?"

My bus had finally arrived. I responded to the driver's question with a nod. While pulling down my umbrella, I took one last look around to see if the foreigner had returned. She had not. I paid my fee and entered, walking to the far back of the bus. As the bus pulled out, I looked out the window, and all I could see was the rain pouring down with a greater force than before. I also saw, in the far distance, the foreigner's umbrella taking to flight. I said to myself "What could have happened to that lady?"

I didn't let it get to me. In fact, I completely forgot about it. Then I settled in for my long ride home. I closed my eyes as the memory of the foreign lady faded into the back of my mind.

When the bus pulled up to my stop, I noticed that the rain had died down dramatically. It was just drizzling a bit, so there was no need to put up my umbrella. I got off the bus and began to walk briskly toward my small but humble abode. I began to notice that nothing looked familiar. At first I thought that maybe I got off at the wrong stop, so I walked a little farther. When it became more unfamiliar, I decided to ask someone for directions. I walked up to a woman whose back was turned toward me and began to ask directions to the 15th street apartments. When she turned around, I was so surprised to see that it was her. It was the foreign lady! She smiled and said, "I was wondering when you would show up." My mouth dropped open in shock. I asked where I was, and she laughed and said, "Your home!"

The moral is there's no place like home!

THEN I GREW UP

BY

JENEL DAVALL

Everyone used to tend to me,
People were just so friendly.
They didn't let me see reality,
For the fear I'd lose my purity.

So there I was in my own little world,
Just so naive, innocent with a heart of gold.

I didn't have any responsibility,
My mom and dad took care of me.

Then I grew up...

No one is here who cares anymore,
True friends are rare, and attention is poor.

I look around at cold eyes of stone,
I feel so lost and all alone.

I have to take responsibility now,
And no one is here to show me how.
Sometimes I wonder why I live anymore,

Isn't life supposed to be worth more?

(untitled)

BY

ANASTASIA MIKULICH

Still morning,
so still,
as if
Time froze while
the sun pooled through my blinds.
My music plays loudly,
as always, but,
gentle, soft as the rays
collecting upon my carpet.
So sad, though,
So beautiful, so sad...
Funny, how the music
can be so loud,
Yet, the moment so quiet.
And when the song ends,
I realize-
Nothing has changed.



Silent Roses



Book 1112



ALL THESE YEARS

BY

CARRIE DIXON

I'll be there on time she
assured me again with a smile in
her eye.

Sure I said, as I knew

that it was a lie.

Her smile could be very inviting,
but often appeared fake.

And I knew that I had as
much disappointment that I could
take.

Of course she was late and
made excuses as she came in
from the cold.

I decided to face her and
be bold.

Editorial: *Health Policy and Law*

Editorial: *Health Policy and Law*

Editorial

Editorial: *Health Policy and Law*

Her gentle eyes filled

with tears.

And I told her that's how

I've felt all these years.

4000 hours format 2000
1000 hours format 2000
1000 hours format 2000
1000 hours format 2000

DEAD BEAUTY

BY

RYAN DUNCAN

Rosebud.

Red but withered.

Floating to its death.

Suicidal in her last day.

Beauty.



DEATH OF A SOLDIER

BY

DOUGLAS SILVA

He placed a hand upon his deadly gun,
And looked about the land, once peaceful, still;
Then gazed into the blazing, midday sun,
And strained to catch a fleeting bird's faint thrill.

Swift as second, they came plodding downhill,
The yellow faces sweating from their pace;
The young aged soldier, knowing he must kill
Or crawl before them begging for mercy, grace.

Knowing this would only bring big disgrace,
Careful aim, for he knew the price he'd pay.
His life so innocent, just a small trace;
More than one eye for each his eye would pay.

Men fell before the stinging pain did die;
His last words were "Mom; 'my son;" please don't cry."

INTRODUCTION

On a month ago, I was invited to speak at a conference in New York City, where the theme was "The Future of the Media: Trends and Opportunities." The conference was organized by the Center for the Future of the Media, a think tank based in New York City.

During my presentation, I talked about the future of media and how it is changing. I also talked about the impact of technology on media and how it is changing. I also talked about the impact of technology on media and how it is changing.

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DREAMS OF ICE

BY

ANASTASIA MIKULICH

Misery shrouds me
like a black veil.
Tears too few,
and pain too great.

Failing sunlight
renders my vision useless,
as well as myself.

I stand blind
drenched in misery
black iron curtains
conspire with loneliness-
alone in my prison
of memory, and loss,
and self-betrayal.

Alone...
Waif of Misery-
Truth my torturer...
Winter-Night chills to bone.

*Brethren massacred,
the warrior looks about
her home in shock.
Returned from years of travel,
she finds the dust
covering her beloved's bones.
their flesh wasted away,
and blood drained into the ground.*

*Skeletons
curled up in their last
throes of agony.
Still dying as they were torn into pieces.*

Like Cloth.

*Barren soil
is lifted from the Earth,
and rushed about in Whirlwinds,
then whisked off to lands Unknown.*

*The Warrior's eyes squint
meager protection from miniature missiles
launched by Uninhibited Winds.*

A tear escapes...

*But no more,
the rest is stored inside-
A supply for a wintry era.
And forlorn, wintry nights,
Alone.*

HOLLOW IN THE HEAD

BY

JESSE BURTON

The death of you is killing me.
You're walking hand in hand with my memories.
I see your face in a distant fog.
Your face is slowly fading.
Don't go away from me,
All I have are your memories.
I lost you once before.
I can never touch,
I can never talk to you again.
Now your memory is slowly lost in the cold.
I never wanted you to leave.
Don't go away from me.
Now your face has drowned
inside the Abyss of my mind.
You're lost forever, all I can say is good-bye.
I refuse to give up.
Now my throat is cold,
My body is sore.
Open your eyes,
look away from me,
Close your mouth,
just say something because you're Nobody
Nobody to me.
I can't hear you anyway.
I was blind to the fact that people hated,
But you gave me sight with your
silent stinging tongue.
I thought it was love,
love that blackened my heart,
That shifts my skin.
I am leaving it behind with my name.
It's time to let go of your Ghost
which haunts my memories...
Good Bye.

SEDUCTION

BY

RYAN DUNCAN

She mystifies me
With her mind.
Those deep, knowing eyes
Tell me she understands.

But does she really,
Or is she betraying me
With those beguiling eyes?
My uncertainty isolates me.

Will she return to me
As quickly as she left?
I miss that loving smile
From a kindred spirit.

I cannot bring her back
From where she wanders.
Hand in hand with Death
She descends to The Land of the Dead.

Second Sun



Приложение 2



AS THE WORLD TURNS TODAY. TOMORROW?

BY

TAMMY LIPA

One man's dominion is another man's destination.
Lost between the ideas of realism and fantasy
One man questions his own humanity, the other his dignity
Hoping for some shred of survival
The other, lost deeply in his soul.
One man's question is an other man's answer.
What is that keeps the world turning,
One man's hate for the another,
The Music of the Spheres,
One man's out-reach to another
The glory and the fame of the human race.
Fascinating
Man's ability to survive
The immobility of the earth
The purity of the sky.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL INCIDENT

BY

SHANNON BALL

I had been roller skating for a few months. I put in lots of practice with a personal coach, as well as group lessons, and on my own time. I was skating at least five days a week.

I worked hard, and I was a real fast learner. Besides, I loved it, it was fun, and it was the only thing I ever wanted to do.

Today was my first competition. I was so nervous! There were so many girls competing. I didn't think I had a chance. All I wanted to do was make the finals. Everything I had worked for, it was all running through my head!

I was almost up, and I thought about my routine over and over. I went over every step, spin and jump. It was mastered! And I was up.

I skated to the middle of the floor with all the confidence in the world! I was determined to do my best, and I would.

The music began, and so did I. I didn't even think about what I was doing. My body just went with the music. I was the most excited I've ever been. I was exhilarating. It was wonderful. I hit every jump and spin perfectly. It was a masterpiece!

As I skated off when my routine was done, I saw the faces of my family. They were so proud and happy for me. All my hard work and time had paid off, and everyone, especially my coach, was overwhelmed. I had made the finals!

COMMENCEMENT

BY

ANASTASIA MIKULICH

I

You touch my soul-
To the depths of my being,
You mold my emotions.
Your influence-
Poison? Antidote?
I don't know. I don't care.

II

But I know Truth.
I can see its magnitude
looming in the peripherals of my vision.

III

Look away,
I'm not supposed to be able
to see all this.

Who told me that?

IV

Liquid, my container is my shape.
I conform to my environment.
Yet, I retain myself.
I retain myself. I retain myself.

V

Announce my presence.
I'm well known here.
The words know me,
They all compete for my favor.

VI

Check out the sun, man,
but don't look at it too long.
Such as we, weren't meant to see
Anything of beauty.

VII

Etch out my face
upon this glass.
Transparent, like my words,
Can you not see through them?

VIII

I find myself
screaming at the walls,
and I stop-

To Silence.

So much to protest,
but this silence obscures
my every sentence.

IX

This night is cold,
and alone. It is fitting
that I be so as well.
But tomorrow, Tomorrow
it is fitting that
I be with you

1920-1921
1921-1922

1922-1923
1923-1924

1924-1925
1925-1926

1926-1927
1927-1928

1928-1929
1929-1930

1930-1931

COOL SUMMERS DAY

BY

RICK SWINDELL

The sight of the bird flying
Through the clean blue sky.
Like the feeling of my head
Upon a silk, feathered pillow

The feel of the cool breeze
Upon my face.
Like the sound of an old lady's
Rocker on a squeaky wooden floor.

The sound of its wings
Against the wind.
Like watching the rain pour
Down on a warm sunny day.

The smell of the cool mist
Lingering in the air.
Like the taste of an ice cold
Glass of water on a hot day.

Just the taste of the slight
Scent in the air.
Like the smell of a sweet,
Beautiful rose on a cool day.

CONTINUATION

1920-1921-1922-1923
1920-1921-1922-1923
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1920-1921-1922-1923

EAGLES

BY

AARON HUDDLESTON

Eagle flaps its wings.

It cares not about falling.

Faith won't allow it.

GODDESS

BY

BYRON KEITH BEAVERS

Goddess, oh Goddess. Nameless, shapeless, always shifting, ever-changing, that which was, and is, and will be. Eternally perfect love, trust, and beauty. Young girl, middle-aged woman, wise old lady. Never-ending, forever alive. The Killer and the killed. Bringer of death, bringer of life. All and nothing. Past and future. All-mighty earth mother, she who loves all of us forever, she who is us forever. And we are she, as well. Wheel of life, circle of death. The hunted who dies, so that the hunter may live.

Goddess.

HOLE
BY
JESSE BURTON

This is the part I despise
This is the part I disguise
All the problems I had
I torn apart
I put them down the hole
This is the hole I dug
This is the hole I fell in
This is the hole I can't get out
No turning back now if I wanted to
I am all the way in
I am at the bottom
There is so much %\$#*&@! blackness
My Eyes My Body My Head
Nobody listen to me
So get the *^&%\$@!*?! out
Unless you can scale walls
Then you vandalized me with your lies
Get up, stand up, let go,
I am getting deeper
I am lower than ever
But I am at the bottom already.
When I go down
You go down too,

You made me feel fear.

I want you to experience it too.

I want you to feel grief.

Pain

Hate

Anger

Rage

Disapointment

It's all the same.

As long as you hate me

Because we share this hole

And I am going to rule

How does this feel

How do I feel

Seeing your skin twitch

It makes me feel good

To make a tear well up in your eyes

To make your throat dry

You wanted to know my thoughts

So listen. !@#\$%^&* You. I am going to rule.

IMAGINE
BY
CHAD DOUGLAS

A Genius is not a Genius until he's dead,
Just like John Lennon shot through the head.

If you want to save the world, you
Need Geniuses to lead.
So all you psychos out there, don't bring
Another Genius to his knees.

ANSWER

ANSWER: *1. The author is a member of the
University of California, Berkeley, and is a
professor of English.*

ANSWER: *2. The author is a member of the
University of California, Berkeley, and is a
professor of English.*

JAIL BAIT

BY

TIM GUERRA

One Friday night on December 19, 1990 Jaime Barajas and I were in my house watching television. My parents had just left to go out and eat. Being home without your loving parents can quickly cause boredom. Jaime and I became very restless.

We arose from our prone position to find something to occupy us. We stumbled around until we came upon the refrigerator. I slowly opened the door, and there they were, "eggs". I quickly thought of a way to occupy our time by using those little eggs. We gathered the eggs and slowly made our way outside.

We rambled down the quiet, dark street. Then there arose the perfect target. It was the most brightly decorated house on the block. We hid in a bush on the side of the street. Then finally the perfect moment arose, we came out of our hiding hurled the eggs with speed! Then a cannon-like sound came from the eggs colliding with the garage door. We quickly started on our way back to my house.

As we fled from the scene I turned and saw that there was a pair of tail lights to following us. As the car closed in on us, I made it out to be a cop's. My heart began to pound! I quickly ran of to the side of the road into some brush by an unlit house. We quickly hid in the brush. By this time my heart really began to thump at a high rate. The cop car screeched to a halt. Suddenly, a blinding light pierced its way through the brush. Jaime and I lay there silent as dead bodies. The minute the cop stayed there seemed like an eternity. I just kept asking myself, "are we going to make it?" The cop finally went on his way.

A great sigh of relief, "THANK YOU GOD". We began to make our way home. Jaime and I were silent from fear on the way home. My house was finally in sight. Joy filled my whole body, we hopped over my fence to freedom. We got back into my house. We did not sleep at all that night. But we made it!

JESUS
BY
AARON HUDDLESTON

Jesus,

The great I am.

Loving, caring, dying.

Obedient, God's own Son, life,

My Lord

KING OF EARTH

BY

RYAN DUNCAN

Mountain.
King of Nature.
Reaching towards Heaven.
Angrily grasping for nothing.
Giant.

APPENDIX 2

1. *General*

2. *Specific*

3. *General*

4. *Specific*

5. *General*

6. *Specific*

THE LOVE I FEEL FOR YOU

BY

BONNIE SCOTT

When you're around me I feel special
inside.

Something comes over me and I feel a
craving.

A craving to be in your arms,
To have your skin touch mine.
To feel the love and tenderness
That can only be felt from your embrace.

The feelings I have for you I cannot hide.
The harder I try not to let them show
The more evident they become.

I never believed I could ever have
feelings this deep , or emotions this strong.

Before you came into my life I was only
but a bitter, lifeless person.

Trying to get everything out of this world
that it had to offer.

The thing that I lacked most was the one
special something that you brought into
my life.

It is that special something that fills your
body with complete joy and
contentedness.

Your heart begins to feel things like never
before.

It is that special something that sends
your emotions soaring so high they touch
the gentle white clouds that look down
upon us.

It sways your mind to and fro.
Then rushes over you,
Embellishing your heart and soul,
Like a tide gently carrying you out into
the sea of love.

How you have done this to me?
I shall never know,
But my feelings for you can only grow
stronger.

Is this the puppy love they often joke
about?
Or is this love I feel so strongly inside for
you real?



REJECTION

BY

BONNIE SCOTT

Rejection is a pain that burns within your
soul.

It crushes your inner being.

Taking with it your ability to control your
actions, your movements, and your tears.

Rejection is having your heart crumble,
As if someone has taken away the life within
you.

The life that kept you going strong.

In those hard times when life was one huge
confusing problem after another.

Yet now that spark of life that once lived
within you is now gone.

Why do people want to torture me like this?
Why do they need to shred my soul into
little pieces?

Does it make them feel powerful and
inhumanely?

Why? Oh! Why?

Do people feel the need to inflict such pain

on others?

How can I take this immorally painful feeling
away?

Bring me back to the day when my body was
embellished in the feeling of love and joy.

When the only time I cried was when I
laughed so hard my sides ached.

Oh, God please help me.

I don't know how I will ever survive.

Some people fear rejection for the pain and
sorrow of which they have only heard.

They live their lives in little cocoons,
Not ever letting the warmth of the sun into
their lives.

How can they say they have lived their lives
When they have never taken a chance.

A chance to let someone in
And the chance of being rejected.

As time goes on we all think,
I have been rejected once before I don't want
to go through it again.

But we must all take that chance.

By letting the next person in that fills your

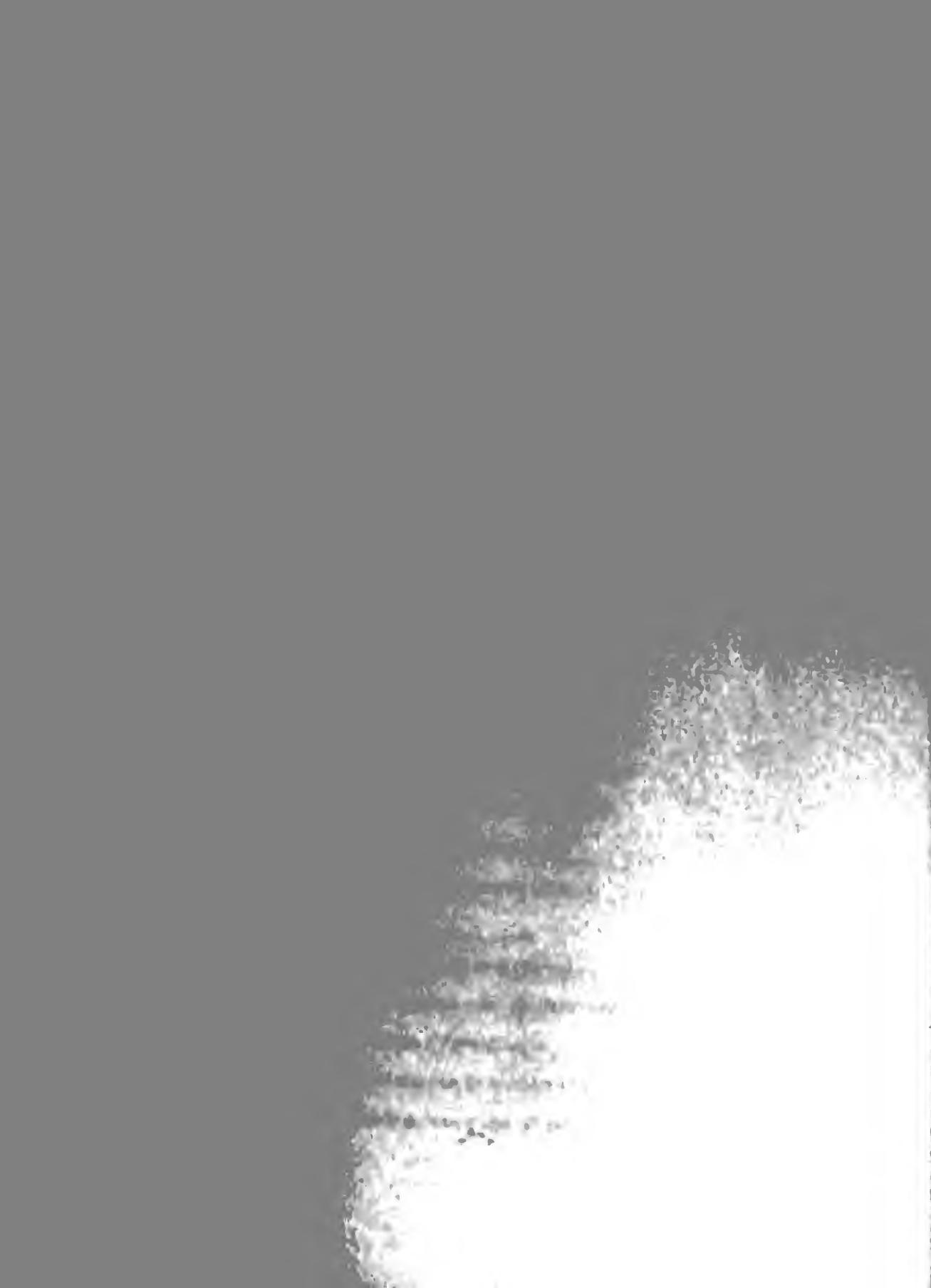
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Sādhanāyaka Sūtra and Gaṇḍavyūha 48

heart with blissfulness and who enlightens
your soul.

Remember to let your guard down.
For this person just might be the one
That shall hold on to you and never let you
go.



SPIRITUAL WARFARE

BY

AARON HUDDLESTON

As I walk along this weary sinful Earth,

I must combat the power of Satan.

Since I found Christ, I have renewed my birth.

I am to the Devil to be hatin'.

The armor of the Lord I need to win.

The sword of the Spirit to slay my foe.

The breastplate of righteousness not to sin.

The shoes of the truth, so I can go.

I have a need to fight and a need to win,

To battle the evil forces of Sin.

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was cited at

SUN
BY
AARON HUDDLESTON

Sun.

Bright morning star.

Shining, glowing, waking.

Bright, given by God's great power.

Day-star.

TO BE THE BEST...

BY

RICK SWINDELL

To be the fittest takes the best.

Live free and willingly.

Ride free with the wind.

Take the inspiration from the journey.

To become one with nature.

Revival with a sparkle in your eye,

Along with great rewards.

Light takes only seconds, a wish, a lot sooner.

UNTITLED

BY

TAMMY LIPA

A house among the rolling green hills.
One single tree set alone ,outside the white picket fence.
A younger child in overalls sits on the mailbox
Waiting for a car to arrive.
Always down the colored leafy road
A red beat-up convertible,
Rolling this way.
The child looks up with anticipation.
From the freshly painted blue house
The child's mother yells.
It's getting dark, don't come in too late.
In the orangish skyline
The headlights of the red convertible
Can be seen a half a mile away.
Pulling into the driveway
The driver opens the door.
Quickly the child jumps off the mailbox
Having just a chance to turn around.
Jumping into his grandfather's arms, the boy
Sees that the man is old and frail.
Letting his grandson down,
The boy helps his grandfather into the house.

Good
Morning
Honey
I'm
Home
So
Lucky
You're
All

A WALK IN THE PARK

BY

GREG WURZ

The scent of sunlight in the air.

The sound of the flowers along the path.

The feel of the candy from the fair.

The taste of dirt on the path.

The sound of the grass by us.

The scent of us walking down the road.

The sound of the blue sky.

The feel of the trees by the path.

The taste of clouds in the sky.



WISDOM

BY

BETHANY MONK

A world apart
and still nothing's changed.
The face in the mirror
hasn't even aged.

A tear in the heart
with sad broken eyes.
Time doesn't have wings,
but it always flies.

A dark cold tunnel
that shows no shame.
No end, no doubt.
A journey, a game.

One must have knowledge,
no need to be dumb.
When your knowledge is used
it becomes wisdom.

POLY(1,4-PHENYLENE TEREPHTHALATE)

POLY(1,4-PHENYLENE TEREPHTHALATE)

polymer A
polymer B
polymer C
polymer D

polymer E
polymer F
polymer G
polymer H
polymer I

polymer J
polymer K
polymer L
polymer M
polymer N

polymer O
polymer P
polymer Q
polymer R
polymer S

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